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THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

THE DREAM OF SPRING.

I speak of the spring of life. For, to one who has wandered down to the valley and the shades of age, there is little of interest in the changing hue of the leaf, or the fresh blossoming of the flower. As we become initiated into the philosophy of human life, and begin to feel the true value of everything around us, we grow less prodigal of smiles and tears. The deep chords of feeling which used to vibrate, like the strings of an enchanted lyre, to every change, are then more easily moved by the memory of the past, than the realities of the present.

Nature is the same from age to age. The mist that curls around the mountain's brow; the rainbow that spans the broken storm clouds; and the peaceful and quiet vale, that stretches out beneath, robed in its refreshing green and loading with delicious fragrance the gentle zephyr, remain to every successive age the tokens of smiling May. But this is all. The milder seasons pay us their annual visits—but they bring not with them our youthful loves and friendships. They come alone—with the beauty of the teeming landscape, and the memory of past delight.

I muse amid the evening solitudes, and the scenes of youth rush upon the mind. In yonder peaceful hamlet, the sun beams again play in their beauty and brightness—the tall spire of the village church rises above the green trees—the spreading beeches overshadow the school-house green—and the well remembered forms of old acquaintances move along the street, or sit on the neat piazzas, inhaling the freshness of the morning air—and that cool and pleasant cottage, surrounded by low willows, and clustering rose bushes—it is the home of my youth! the scene of all my juvenile pleasures.

There is a venerable oak, the growth of a former century, in the little garden in the rear of that pleasant dwelling. Well I remember the circle that once gathered under the shadow of its branches. A father, a mother, brothers, and sisters—how strong is the link of affection that binds such a circle together. But others scarcely less dear were sometimes there. The village pastor, a decrepit, old man, with tottering limbs, and locks white as the bleaching snow, used to sit by the ancient trunk, and entertain us with the gathered wisdom of half a century—and enchain our hearts with bible stories, and the beauties of sacred literature. There was a little girl, too; a delicate young creature; who hung upon his words with the eagerness of enchantment, and called him—father. He was not her father—but loved her as a child—he loved us all. The little world around him, seemed, to his benevolent mind, all members of his family—he felt for them as such.

But sometimes when the evening had dispersed the aged to their chambers, Lucy and one as young, but less effeminate, were there alone—Conversing with the stars, and striving to read each other's thoughts, as if in those innocent hours, either concealed from the other a single thought. Many moons saw them there together—they kept no record of time—but it brought at last their parting interview, and they separated with many tears. Lucy's own parents recalled her to their bosom. They had spent years in distant countries far from their child, and she went now to be the mistress of their fortune. She exchanged the simple attire of the hamlet, and the artless manners of her youth, for the glare of wealth, and the etiquette of fashion. It was a change from rural happiness, to splendid misery.—But she forgot Augustus. They met no more.

Along the woody shores of a meandering stream, when the simple studies of the day were past, a band of juvenile friends used to gather, and mimic in their sports the business of maturer life.—Shipped the treasures upon which fancy had affixed a value, from port to port, and practised all they knew of mercantile traffic—store houses were erected, little villages rose beneath the hand of industry, and roads were laid.—Disputes were settled in a fictitious court—and a world in miniature was created by those who knew, alas, how little of the great world upon whose threshold, and into whose realities they were entering.

Thus, in sportive playfulness, passed year after year in that secluded valley. Care was a stranger in our circle—with plenty and contentment; the serenity of the scene 'broken by change; amazement our only companion—the thought of to subdue him. A large

hours of early life, wore away like a long, and tranquil and delightful dream, which, when past, is gone forever, leaving but the recollection of what it was. I look back to it now with half a regret that it was ever broken.

But it is gone. Not like the season of flowers, which comes back at the appointed time. It is gone for ever. Time steadily pursued his work.—That little thoughtless circle was broken and dispersed. Its members went abroad to experience every variety of fortune. The domestic band—the inmates of our pleasant home was scattered. One after another we threw off our boyish pursuits, and entered the busy theatre of life. That long loved, peaceful cottage passed to others, when the sustaining pillars of our household were carried to their last resting place in the vaults of the church-yard. New associations and connexions—new ties and pursuits succeeded. And the memory of our ancient home remained—a Dream of Spring.

And so life wends away. And so, at every successive stage we look back upon former times, that seem more and more beautiful as they recede into the distance. But there is another stage—a quiet resting place from which we shall look over our whole career in this world—When all that is now present shall be past, and the scenes and changes of our life of mortality shall only remain upon the tablet of memory, the record of a vanished dream. Of how small consequence to us now is the fact, that we suffered pain or enjoyed pleasure in the days of other years? Of how little moment will it one day be to us, what we suffered or enjoyed in this lower world?

It is a reality which we feel—and to which, we often turn, from musing on the past.—And as one in the decline of age, feels most deeply the wisdom of those exertions which he made in youth to secure that competence, for the evening of life, which he enjoys—in a matured state, every thing of wisdom in the history of his earthly existence, will seem to him to be comprehended in the relation his conduct bore to the world beyond the grave. He who extracts true wisdom from the past—will cause it to bear upon his present conduct, with a happy reference to the mortal and immortal future.

MISCELLANY.

[From the London Literary Gazette.] Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, '21, and '22. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N.

The only preface we need to the following paper, is that of noticing that the author is Lima, after its conquest by San Martin and Lord Cochrane.—

"Being desirous (says Capt. II.) of ascertaining, by every means, the real state of popular feeling, which generally develops itself at public meetings, I went to one of the bullfights, given in honor of the new Viceroy's installation.

It took place in an immense wooden amphitheatre, capable of holding, it was said, twenty thousand people. As we had been disappointed at Valparaiso by a sham bullfight, we hoped here to witness an exhibition worthy of the mother country. But the resemblance was not less faulty, though in the opposite extreme, for the bulls were here put to death with so many unusual circumstances of cruelty, as not only to make it unlike the proper bull-fights, but take away all pleasure in the spectacle from persons not habituated to the sight. These exhibitions have been described by so many travellers, that it is needless here to do more than advert to some circumstances peculiar to those of Lima.

"After the bull had been repeatedly speared, and tormented by darts and fire-works, and was all streaming with blood, the matador, on a signal from the Viceroy, proceeded to dispatch him. Not being however sufficiently expert, he merely sheathed his sword in the animal's neck without effect. The bull instantly took his revenge, by tossing the matador to a great height in the air, and he fell apparently dead in the arena. The audience applauded the bull, while the attendants carried off the matador.

The bull next attacked the horseman, dismounted him, ripped up the horse's belly, and bore him to the ground, where he was not suffered to die in peace, but was raised on his legs, and urged, by whipping and goading, to move round the ring in a state too horrible to be described, but which afforded the spectators the greatest delight. The noble bull had thus succeeded in baffling his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was

curved instrument called a Luna was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for a man armed with a dagger now mounted the bull's back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstacies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his pace; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

"The greater number of the company, although females, seemed so entranced with the brutal scene passing under their eyes, that I looked round, in vain, for a single face that looked grave; every individual seemed quite delighted; and it was melancholy to observe a great proportion of children among the spectators, from one whom, a little girl, only eight years old, I learned that she had already seen three bullfights; the details of which she gave with great animation and pleasure, dwelling especially on those horrid circumstances I have described. It would shock and disgust to no purpose to give a minute account of other instances of wanton cruelty, which, however, appeared to be the principal recommendation of these exhibitions.

"The reflections which force themselves on the mind, on contemplating a whole population frequently engaged in such scenes, are of a painful nature; for it seems impossible to conceive, that, where the taste is so thoroughly corrupted, there can be left any ground work of right feelings, upon which to raise a superstructure of principle, of knowledge, or of just sentiment."

Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos:

"When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, andatching his poncho or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head; he then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poncho; upon which the astonished horse springs upon his legs, and endeavors, by a thousand vain efforts, to dislodge himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

"During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres; they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.

"Before breakfast to-day, we witnessed the South American method of killing cattle, a topic which, at first sight, must appear no very delicate or inviting one; but I trust it will not prove uninteresting, or disagreeable in description.

"The cattle, as I before mentioned, had been driven into an inclosure, or corral, whence they were now let out one by one, and killed; but not in the manner practised in England, where, I believe, they are dragged into a house, and despatched by blows on the forehead by a pole-axe. Here the whole took place in the open air, and resem-

bled rather the catastrophe of a grand field sport, than a mere deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged in a line four or five guassos on horse-back, with their lassos all ready in their hands; and opposite to them another line of men on foot, furnished also with lassos, so as to form a wide line, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the guassos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral; and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when, at length, forced to do so, they dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity. It is said that, in this country, even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward at full speed, with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There cannot be conceived a more spirited or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us; or one which in the hands of a bold sketcher, would have furnished a finer subject. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst, and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling all around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in its course:—for one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos, his horns, his neck, his legs, are all encircled by these inevitable cords, hanging loose, in long festoons from the hands of the horsemen galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron; and the noble animal lies prostrate on the ground, motionless and helpless. He is immediately despatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disengaged, from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another is driven out of the corral, and caught in the same manner.

"While this more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral, and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whipcord, had the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their tender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot; and taking the lasso which belonged to it, for no description of animal that is ever mounted, is without this essential equipment, and placing himself so as not to be detected by the men, he threw it gallantly over the first bullock's neck; but he never lost his self-possession, and having first flung the weapon high into the air, raised both himself and horse from the ground, and rode out of the cloud unharmed, without ever having lost his seat.

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THE LIGHT OF OTHER TIMES.

It is not in the season of infancy, when the tongue half articulates the name of "man," in piping accents—when the little arms are twined around the nurse's neck, in gratitude for some daintily just received—and the eye sparkles as it gazes on each novel object—in all the fervor of new-born enthusiasm—that the bosom thrills with the pleasures, or throbs with the pains of memory. But a little time and the scene is changed!—in our school-day troubles, young and thoughtless as the heart may be, we feel its influence—we leave, perchance, our "native home," and the companions of our infantile sports.

The first tear of real grief now dries the eyes, as we recall our childish joys, and contrast them with the dull monotony of study and discipline. And where are the absent friends whose society may have charmed, and whose sympathy may have soothed us? Together with them, the promenade may have been past, or the volume perused—they have shared our joys and sorrows in other hours—they may have mingled with us in the festive dance—and their voices with ours may have harmonized many a leisure hour—yet still they are far away, and these scenes have vanished—but in moments of visionary indulgence these images will rise upon the fancy, at the recollection of which we "smile while we sigh, and sigh while we smile." And we may roam from place to place, now scenes will burst upon the eye—nature's charms are spread before us—the majesty of the mountain—the grandeur of the wave—the magnificence of woodland wilds—or the beauty of the grove, and the grace of the rivulet, may rise upon the eye—yet while the enthusiastic spirit is revelling in haunts like these, the heart will often linger round the natal bower we have left behind—warmer hearts may here be found—fairer forms are stealing near us, yet still the thought will hover round the past, and we sigh for

"Those we've left behind us."

Remembrances like these, though melan-

THE BOWER.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH GOD.

On Horeb's Rock the Prophet stood;
The Lord before him past,
A hurricane, in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forest fell before its force;
The rocks were shiver'd in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath
Announcing danger, wreck and death.
It ceas'd. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came mulling up the sun;
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
An earthquake thunder'd on.
The frighten'd eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair;
God was not in the sun.
'Twas but the rolling of His car,
The trampling of His steeds from far.
'Twas still again, and Nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled frame;
And swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to his depths of old ocean fled,
The sick'ning sun look wan and dead;
Yet God fill'd not the flame.
'Twas but the terrors of his eye
That lightend through the troubled sky.
At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill that all
In Heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God himself was here.
For, oh, it was a Father's voice,
That bade His trembling world rejoice.

MATRIMONY.

I love to kiss the pretty maid,
And often with them tarry;
But when they're old, their beauty fades—
So hang me if I marry.
Some girls are handsome, some are not,
Some proud, and some are merry;
And some are good, (tis few I wot,)
But hang me if I marry.
Some girls are as the lilly white,
With lips red as a cherry;
And eyes that beam with pleasures bright—
And hang me if I marry.
Some girls are full of coquetry,
But bold as the old Harry;
Such girls will never do for me—
So hang me if I marry.
Some girls, for money, marry fools!
And high their heads they carry;
They make their husbands silly tools,
So hang me if I marry.
Some girls with whom you're deep in love,
Will always be contrary;
They say your serpents, they are doves—
So hang me if I marry.
If once they get you in their toil,
(Let you be e'er so wary.)
They will your resolution foil—
That you will never marry.
Then let me caution you—beware,
And don't be in a hurry;
But while you have your senses, swear
That you will never marry.
For when your children round you get,
With, "Pa, I must be carried."
You must leave off your work, and fret—
"I wish I'd never married!"

THE OLI.

[From the Crystal Hunter.]

THIN AND PLUMP.

* * * * *
you are so fretful you cannot live long.
A good portly man, I'll faith, and a corpulent;
Of a cheerful look, and a most noble carriage."

Some time ago, I went into an oyster house—I beg pardon, a refectionary. A tall thin man had drawn his chair before the fire. He straddled out his legs; and appeared to be using them as a pair of compasses for the measuring the extreme breadth of the fender; he stiffened his body upon his seat; let his head hang over the top of his chair; and watched a cobweb at the angle of the ceiling. He gave vent to a sigh, which seemed to come from the region of his appetite; and which sigh brought with it the following sentence: "What a troublesome thing is eating!" and then he gave another sigh; as if he tried, with it, to part two oysters which might be combining against digestion.

Now, at the time this tall thin personage thus pushed out his short sentence, a bright faced round man (a fat-as-buttermilk) was very carefully chopping up some koolslaa. He appeared to know the exact quantum of pepper and salt necessary; and, as to the oil, he dropped it upon the wounded cabbage with all the care of an apothecary selling medicine. And then his eye—I mean the one which was not upon the vegetable—it rested upon a galaxy of Ti-conderoga oysters! People may talk of a poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling, or of love-telling one: but commend me to the full sparkler of this epicure. Why, you might see *terrapin* written in its fringe, and under it, *champagne*.

The above observation was intended for the last mentioned worthy; and he in answer said:—

"I don't agree"—here he stopped—crucified a fine frier upon his fork, and suited his mouth to its circumference;—his voice now came less clear.

"I don't at all agree with you."

"Well," rejoined the tall thin gentleman, "for my part, I can't exactly see the use of eating and drinking." And then he said in a harsh and surly tone to the landlady, "What have I to pay?" The mistress looked above her spectacles (by the by many persons do this) and in a mild, in fact, in a landlady-like voice, sweetly told the total.

"That's a deal of money," said Vinegar, "for five score of oysters."

("Five score," muttered I to myself—no wonder the man sighs.)

He then drew up his two measures; by a jerk of his back, placed himself upright on his chair; and dived his hand into his pocket with the action of one finding the bottom of a shallow well. He carefully counted out the amount; sighed through the medium of oysters; and moved towards the door like a colossus.

The spectre-like gentleman continued to play with and enjoy his meal. He sipped—he tasted. Enjoyment appeared to tip his tongue and good digestion to be awake within his palate. He made use of a musical voice in asking after the good woman's household;—cheerfully required what he had to pay and as cheerfully discharged the amount—indeed, he said he thought "the money very little for what he had eaten!"

These personages appeared so completely different in manner and actions, and formed such a nice contrast, that I was anxious to meet with them again. While I was sitting one evening in a box of the theatre, I saw my two sources of enjoyment, near the orchestra, in the pit. I would at any time sacrifice a play to see a farce. I went round to the entrance which led to the critic's retreat, and planted myself as near as possible to the thin and the fat man. The overture commenced.

"People may fancy this music," grumbled the man; and continued, "to my thought, it's worse than the sound of a pond of bull-frogs."

"I don't at all agree with you," said the fat fellow smilingly. "I enjoy it—feel as if I could swim in the sound."

"(Swim" thought I to myself, as I looked at his rotundity.)

The bell now rang—hats off—silence—
—I wish you'd sit down, sir, in front.

"I wonder what people find to laugh at?" said Compasses, with a growl; I do not put it with a sigh, because, when he had not batten'd—I can't say, fatten'd—upon oysters or other dampers, a growl was his aspirate.

"Laugh!" echoed the polished Hemisphere, while tears of joy twinkled in his eyes, "laugh!" and he almost shook the big fiddler with the crowing of his lungs; "who can help laughing! bravo!! encore!! encore!!!"

Compasses hissed; Hemisphere clapped. The multitude were with Goudnature: and Dissatisfaction would not wait to be again annoyed with such stuff; had there been any thing to laugh at indeed!"

My readers must know that at the period when I thus looked out for character, I practised as a physician. And in my professional capacity I had the opportunity of coming a little more in contact with the thin and the fat man. The former, upon a stormy day, sent for me; and at the same time desired I would not lose a moment in attending upon him. I went at the first leisure minute. His was indeed a bachelor's room; it would have been cruel even to have thought of the word comfort in such a bare dwelling place. It is true there was a firegrate: but where was the fire? there was a chair; but where was the back of it? there were—in fact, there were many things which might have been spared—but, for comfort, there was no such thing. His elbows rested on his knees and his hands laid fast hold of his jaws.

When I entered, he turned his eye towards me, as if I went on a swivel; but he did not move a muscle, or stir from his chair. I knew my man and I therefore did not talk about the fashions and the weather. I knew that my observations must be laconic; and I felt certain my patient would be as concise.

"You are laboring under the tooth-ache, Sir, said I.

"I am," peevishly answered Compasses.

"I'll send you something which shall relieve you, Sir."

"Do," growled Compasses. I took my leave.

About this time the smooth, good-natured man had a fit of the gout. His complaints were sent to me, "and when I was not otherwise engaged, he would be glad to see me."

"Here's the doctor come, father," said a little epicure, bursting open the door before me. A kind, tidy sort of a wife was wrapping up the quarrelsome toes in comfortable flannel. The flames from the hickory logs blazed like a band of dancing spirits. A rich colored china basin was on the table, and by the side of it, a decanter received the light of a lamp and sent the hue of its fine colored Madeira, in a trembling shadow, upon the table-cloth.

It is true that the happy soul looked a little blank, when I gave for orders clearing away some of his good things; but still he resigned, what he considered, his comforts, in so frank a manner, that I could not, in my heart, completely check his enjoyments. The young terriparin eaters, too, clung around me with their round red faces; and then, the kind wife was so attentive and obliging! When *Round-about* got well, he paid me with thanks. When an application was made to Compasses for the amount of my account, he kicked my long-legged growing apprentice out of his unfinished apartment.

I must confess, I do not wish to class myself with either of the characters I have sketched; there is a middle rank,

and I do my uttermost to keep up with it. Still, if I were obliged to choose out of the two first mentioned, I know what I should say. I have liked butter and sugar ever since I was a child; but I was never very fond of vinegar.

C. E. E.

A PIG OUTWITTED.—Matthews, in one of his entertainments, raises a heavy laugh by telling the following story of an Irishman driving a pig; animals of this species are well known for their obstinacy, and for their perseverance in endeavoring to go any way but that which you wish them to take. Matthews asked the Irish bogtroter where he was taking the Pig? and the following colloquy ensues: "Spake lower, your honor; pray spake lower." "Why should I speak lower? I only ask whether you are driving the pig?" "Spake lower." "What reason can you have for not answering so trifling a question?" "Why shure, I would answer your swete honor any thing, but I am afraid he'd hare me." "What then?" "Then he'll not go, for I am taking him to Cork, but making him believe he's going to Feimoy?"

London pap.

A French gentleman dining in London with Dr. Johnson, and wishing to show him a peculiar mark of respect, as the author of the 'Rambler,' drank to him in what he thought synonymous terms, saying, 'health, Mr. Vagabond.'

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, 56.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Friday the sixteenth of March next, at one o'clock, P. M., at the store of Benjamin Barker, Esq., in Hiram, in said County—all the right which JONATHAN SWETT has to redeem the following described mortgaged Real Estate, to wit—a certain tract or parcel of Land situated in said Hiram, on the West side of Saco river, and bounded as follows:—Easterly by the road leading from Hiram to Cornish—Southeastly and South by land of Simeon Pease, Esq.—and Northwest by land of Benjamin Barker—containing about one fourth of an acre, with the buildings thereon—being the same conveyed to him by Benjamin Swett.

ALSO—Another tract or parcel of Land situated in said Hiram, on the Easterly side of Saco river—and bounded as follows, viz.—Southeasterly by the road leading from Hiram Bridge to Denmark—Northeastly and North by land of Jed. Alexander—Northwesterly and West by Saco river—containing about twenty acres, more or less.

LOT NO. 1, in range No. 2. Westerly side of Whitney Pond—one hundred acres.

Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 & 10, in range No. 10 do 5, 6, 7, 9 & 11, in do do 11 do 4 & 6, in do do 12 do 6 & 8, in do do 13

All on the westerly side of Whitney Pond containing one hundred acres each, more or less.

LOT NO. 1, in range No. 2. Westerly side of Whitney Pond—one hundred acres.

These lands are chiefly in a state of nature; some few lots however have partial improvements on them. They are to be sold, at all events, to the highest bidder, on very liberal terms, and therefore offer great encouragement to young men, who are in pursuit of new lands on which to locate themselves, and to others who purchase for speculation, to attend the sale.

FOR further particulars inquire of Capt. Levi Ludden, of Peru or of the subscriber in Buckfield.

SAMUEL F. BROWN, Agent to the Proprietors, February 17, 1827. Bw 138

LANDS FOR SALE AT AUCTION.

TO be sold at Public Vendue, on Wednesday the 10th day of April next, at ten of the Clock A. M., at the store of

near Bayford Mills, in Canton, in the County of Oxford, the following lots of Land, situated in that part of Hartford, in said County, formerly called Thompson Town, viz.:

Lot No. 2 in range No. 1. Easterly side of Whitney Pond, containing two hundred and twenty two acres.

Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 & 10, in range No. 10 do 5, 6, 7, 9 & 11, in do do 11 do 4 & 6, in do do 12 do 6 & 8, in do do 13

All on the westerly side of Whitney Pond containing one hundred acres each, more or less.

LOT NO. 1, in range No. 2. Westerly side of Whitney Pond—one hundred acres.

These lands are chiefly in a state of nature; some few lots however have partial improvements on them. They are to be sold, at all events, to the highest bidder, on very liberal terms, and therefore offer great encouragement to young men, who are in pursuit of new lands on which to locate themselves, and to others who purchase for speculation, to attend the sale.

FOR further particulars inquire of Capt. Levi Ludden, of Peru or of the subscriber in Buckfield.

SAMUEL F. BROWN, Agent to the Proprietors, February 17, 1827. Bw 138

THE Honorable Justices of the Court of Sessions next to be held at Paris, in

and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1826.

THE subscribers represent that a highway duly laid out and established, beginning at the bridge over Bear River on Bethel town line, and running through Newry, Andover Surplus, Holmes and Letter B. to the highway near the line of New Hampshire, the same first named highway, excepting that part in Newry, not being comprehended within the bounds of any incorporated town or plantation, needs opening, amending and repairing. Wherefore we pray that you will cause an assessment at so much per acre as you may judge necessary for making or amending said highway and defraying the expense of the same on the said unincorporated plantations of Andover Surplus, Holmes and letter B. and that you will cause all things necessary in the premises to be done.

By order of the town.

JOHN KILLGOORE, Selectmen of AMOS HILLS, Newry.

Copy: Attest, R. K. GOODENOUGH, Clerk. Newry, September 2, 1826.

BLANKS & PRIZES !!

THE subscriber has the pleasure to inform his customers that he has sold the following prizes in the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery TESTU CLASS which drew on the 10th instant, (viz. —)

1 Eighth of number 1694* \$3000

1 do " 5525† 100

1 Quarter " 5799 100

1 " 4453 20

1 " 3153 20

1 " 3069 14

1 " 3169 14

1 " 4169 14

1 " 6669 14

with several of four dollars and a HOST OF BLANKS !!

Tickets and parts in a great variety of numbers for sale at the Oxford Bookstore call soon and secure a fortune—now is the time.

* Sold to a young Lady in Bethel.

+ To two young Men of this village.

Feb. 21.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

IN pursuance of an Order from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the third day of March next, at one of the clock P. M. at the dwelling-house of the subscriber, in Turner, the home Farm on which JOHN GORHAM, of Turner, now lives; in order to raise the sum of Nine Hundred Dollars and fifty-four cents; or so great a part thereof as said Farm will raise for the purpose of paying the just debts of SAMUEL GORHAM, late of said Turner, deceased, with charges of Administration.

Consignors of payment, made known at the time of sale.

* Said Farm will be sold subject to a right of Dower by the Widow.

JOSHUA WHITMAN, Administrator on the estate of Samuel Gorham, late of Turner, deceased.

Turner, January 23, 1827. 136

FOR SALE,

A GOOD FARM, in the South part of

Paris, on the Portland road, containing

about 120 acres, a good House and Barn

standing thereon, with good Orchard, and

other matters convenient.

* * * Lots of Land, in Foxcroft, County Penobscot.

* * * Lots in Woodstock, Oxford County.

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OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

NORWAY, (Maine,) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 7, 1827.

[NO. 140.

THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

THE DREAM OF SPRING.

I speak of the spring of life. For, to one who has wandered down to the valley and the shades of age, there is little of interest in the changing hue of the leaf, or the fresh blossoming of the flower. As we become initiated into the philosophy of human life, and begin to feel the true value of every thing around us, we grow less prodigal of smiles and tears. The deep chords of feeling which used to vibrate, like the strings of an enchanted lyre, to every change, are then more easily moved by the memory of the past, than the realities of the present.

Nature is the same from age to age. The mist that curls around the mountain's brow; the rainbow that spans the broken storm clouds; and the peaceful and quiet vale, that stretches out beneath, robed in its refreshing green and loading with delicious fragrance the gentle zephyr, remain to every successive age the tokens of smiling May. But this is all. The milder seasons pay us their annual visits—but they bring not with them our youthful loves and friendships.—They come alone—with the beauty of the teeming landscape, and the memory of past delight.

I muse amid the evening solitudes, and the scenes of youth rush upon the mind. In yonder peaceful hamlet, the sun beams again play in their beauty and brightness—the tall spire of the village church rises above the green trees—the spreading beeches overshadow the school-house green—and the well remembered forms of old acquaintances move along the street, or sit on the neat piazzas, inhaling the freshness of the morning air—and that cool and pleasant cottage, surrounded by low willows, and clustering rose bushes—it is the home of my youth! the scene of all my juvenile pleasures.

There is a venerable oak, the growth of a former century, in the little garden, in the rear of that pleasant dwelling. Well I remember the circle that once gathered under the shadow of its branches. A father, a mother, brothers, and sisters—how strong is the link of affection that binds such a circle together. But others scarcely less dear were sometimes there. The village pastor, a decrepit, old man, with tottering limbs, and looks white as the bleaching snow, used to sit by the ancient trunk, and entertain us with the gathered wisdom of half a century—and enthrall our hearts with bible stories, and the beauties of sacred literature. There was a little girl, too; a delicate young creature; who hung upon his words with the eagerness of enchantment, and called him—father. He was not her father—but loved her as a child—he loved us all. The little world around him, seemed, to his benevolent mind, all members of his family—he felt for them as such.

But sometimes when the evening had dispersed the aged to their chambers, Lucy and one as young, but less eminent, were there alone—Conversing with the stars, and striving to read each others thoughts, as if in those innocent hours, either concealed from the other a single thought. Many moons saw them there together—they kept no record of time—but it brought at last their parting interview, and they separated with many tears. Lucy's own parents recalled her to their bosom. They had spent years in distant countries far from their child, and she went now to be the mistress of their fortune. She exchanged the simple attire of the hamlet, and the artless manners of her youth, for the glare of wealth, and the etiquette of fashion. It was a change from rural happiness, to splendid misery.—But she forgot Augustus. They met no more.

Along the woody shores of a meandering stream, when the simple studies of the day were past, a band of juvenile friends used to gather, and mimic in their sports the business of mature life.—Shipped the treasures upon which fancy had affixed a value, from port to port, and practised all they knew of mercantile traffic—store houses were erected, little villages rose beneath the hand of industry, and roads were laid.—Disputes were settled in a fictitious court—and a world in miniature was created by those who knew, alas, how little of the great world upon whose threshold, and into whose realities they were entering.

This, in boyish playfulness, passed year after year in that secluded valley. Care was a stranger in our circle—with plenty and contentment; the serenity of the scene broken by change; amusement our only companion—the

hours of early life, wore away like a long, and tranquil and delightful dream, which, when past, is gone forever, leaving but the recollection of what it was. I look back to it now with half a regret that it was ever broken.

But it is gone. Not like the season of flowers, which comes back at the appointed time. It is gone for ever. Time steadily pursued his work.—That little thoughts circle was broken and dispersed. Its members went abroad to experience every variety of fortune. The domestic band—the inmates of our pleasant home was scattered. One after another we threw off our boyish pursuits, and entered the busy theatre of life. That long loved, peaceful cottage passed to others, which the sustaining pillars of our household were carried to their last resting place in the vaults of the church-yard. New associations and connexions—new ties and pursuits succeeded. And the memory of our ancient home remained—a Dream of Spring.

And so life wends away. And so, at every successive stage we look back upon former times, that seem more and more beautiful as they recede into the distance. But there is another stage—a quiet resting place from which we shall look over our whole career in this world.—When all that is now present shall be past, and the scenes and changes of our life of mortality shall only remain upon the tablet of memory, the record of a vanished dream. Of how small consequence to us now is the fact, that we suffered pain or enjoyed pleasure in the days of other years? Of how little moment will it one day be to us, what we suffered or enjoyed in this lower world?

It is a reality which we feel—and to which, we often turn, from musing on the past.—And as one in the decline of life, feels most deeply the wisdom of those exertions which he made in youth to secure that competence, for the evening of life, which he enjoys—so in a maturer state, every thing of wisdom in the history of his earthly existence, will seem to him to be comprehended in the relation his conduct bore to the world beyond the grave. He who extracts true wisdom from the past—will cause it to bear upon his present conduct, with knowledge, or of just sentiment."

Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos:

"When a wild horse is to be taken, the lasso is always placed round the two hind legs, and, as the guasso rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the rider dismounts, andatching his pouch or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head; he then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the pouch; upon which the astonished horse springs upon his legs, and endeavors, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lead his speed and strength in the capture of his wild companions.

"During the recent wars in this country, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of the guassos, who make bold and useful troops, and never fail to dismount cavalry, or to throw down the horses of those who come within their reach. There is a well-authenticated story of a party of eight or ten of these men, who had never seen a piece of artillery, till one was fired at them in the streets of Buenos Ayres; they galloped fearlessly up to it, placed their lassos over the cannon, and, by their united strength, fairly overturned it. Another anecdote is related of them, which, though possible enough, does not rest on such good authority. A number of armed boats were sent to effect landing at a certain point on the coast, guarded solely by these horsemen. The party in the boats, caring little for an enemy unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently along the shore. The guassos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing the lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats.

"Before breakfast to-day, we witnessed the South American method of killing cattle, a topic which, at first sight, must appear very no delicate or inviting one; but I trust it will not prove uninteresting, or disagreeable in description.

"The cattle, as I before mentioned, had been driven into an inclosure, or corral, whence they were now let out one by one, and killed; but not in the manner practised in England, where, I believe, they are dragged into a house, his tormentors as long as fair means were used, when a cruel device was thought of to subdue him. A large took place in the open air, and remem

bered instrument called a Luna was thrown at him from behind, in such a way as to divide the hamstrings of the hind legs such, however, were his strength and spirit, that he did not fall, but actually travelled along at a tolerable pace on his stumps, a most horrible sight! This was not all, for man armed with a dagger now mounted the bull's back, and rode about for some minutes to the infinite delight of the spectators, who were thrown into ecstacies, and laughed and clapped their hands at every stab given to the miserable animal, not to kill him, but to stimulate him to accelerate his space; at length, the poor beast, exhausted by loss of blood, fell down and died.

"The greater number of the compa

nny, although females, seemed so enchanted with the brutal scene passing under their eyes, that I looked round, in vain, for a single face that looked grave; every individual seemed quite delighted; and it was melancholy to observe a great proportion of children among the spectators, from one of whom, a little girl, only eight years old, I learned that she had already seen three bullfights; the details of which she gave with great animation and pleasure, dwelling especially on those horrid circumstances I have described. It would shock and disgust to no purpose to give a minute account of other instances of wanton cruelty, which, however, appeared to be the principal recommendation of these exhibitions.

"The reflections which force themselves on the mind, on contemplating a whole population frequently engaged in such scenes, are of a painful nature; for it seems impossible to conceive, that, where the taste is so thoroughly corrupted, there can be left any ground work of right feelings, upon which to raise a superstructure of principle, of knowledge, or of just sentiment."

Connected with these struggles of man against animals, we have some extraordinary details of the skill and prowess of the guassos:

"When a wild horse is to be taken,

bled rather the catastrophe of a grand field sport, than a mere deliberate slaughter. On a level space of ground before the corral were ranged in a line four or five guassos on horse-back, with their lassos all ready in their hands; and opposite to them another line of men on foot, furnished also with lassos, so as to form a wide line, extending from the gate of the corral to the distance of thirty or forty yards. When all was prepared, the leader of the guassos drew out the bars closing the entrance to the corral; and, riding in, separated one from the drove, which he goaded till it escaped at the opening. The reluctance of the cattle to quit the corral was evident, but when, at length, forced to do so, they dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity. It is said that, in this country, even the wildest animals have an instinctive horror of the lasso; those in a domestic state certainly have, and betray fear whenever they see it. Be this as it may, the moment they pass the gate, they spring forward at full speed, with all the appearance of terror. But were they to go ten times faster, it would avail them nothing against the irresistible lasso, which, in the midst of dust, and a confusion seemingly inextricable, were placed by the guassos with the most perfect correctness over the parts aimed at. There cannot be conceived a more spirited or a more picturesque scene than was now presented to us; or one which in the hands of a bold sketcher, would have furnished a finer subject. Let the furious beast be imagined driven almost to madness by thirst, and a variety of irritations, and in the utmost terror at the multitude of lassos whirling all around him; he rushes wildly forward, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground, and his breath driving off the dust in its course:—for one short instant he is free, and full of life and strength, defying, as it were, all the world to restrain him in his headlong course; the next moment he is covered with lassos, his horns, his neck, his legs, are all encircled by these inevitable cords, hanging loose, in long festoons from the hands of the horsemen galloping in all directions, but the next instant as tight as bars of iron; and the noble animal lies prostrate on the ground, motionless and helpless. He is immediately despatched by a man on foot, who stands ready for this purpose with a sharp knife in his hand; and as soon as the body is disengaged, from the lassos, it is drawn on one side, and another is driven out of the corral, and without ever having lost his seat.

"While this more serious business was going on, a parcel of mischievous boys had perched themselves on a pile of firewood close to the corral, and being each armed in his way, with a lasso made of a small strip of hide, or of whipcord, had the first chance to noose the animals as they rushed out. They seldom failed to throw successfully, but their tender cords broke like cobwebs. One wicked urchin more bold than the rest, mounted himself on a donkey that happened to be on the spot; and taking the lasso which belonged to it, for no description of animal that is ever mounted, is without this essential equipment, and placing himself so as not to be detected by the men, he threw it gallantly over the first bullock's neck; but as soon as it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider; the terrified boy soon tumbled off; but poor Neddy was dragged along the ground, till a more efficient force was made to co-operate with his unavailing resistance.

"On begging to know why so many lassos were thrown at once on these occasions, we learned that the first rush of the beast, when driven out of the corral, is so impetuous, that few single ones are strong enough to bear the jerk without breaking. As an experiment, a cow, in a very furious state, was let out, and directions given for only two men to attempt to stop her. The first lasso fell over her head, and drew it round, so that the horns almost touched her back, but the cord snapped without stopping her; the second was intentionally plucked round the fore part of the body, but it also broke without materially checking her progress. Away went the cow, scouring over the country, followed by two fresh horsemen standing erect in their stirrups, with their lassos flying round their heads, and their pouches streaming out behind them; an animating and characteristic sight. The cow galloped, and the horses galloped, and such is the speed which cattle acquire when accustomed to run wild, that at first the horses had but little advantage. The ground being covered with shrubs and young trees, and full of hollow places, and sunk roads, the chase was diversified by many leaps, in which, although the poor cow did well at first, the horses, ere long, gained upon her, and the nearest guasso, perceiving that he was just within reach, let fly his lasso. The cow was at such a distance that it required the whole length of the lasso to reach her, and the noose had become so contracted by the knot slipping up, that it was barely large enough to admit the horns; had the cow been one foot more in advance, the circle would have become too small. When the rider saw the noose fixed, he stopped and turned his horse, upon which the poor cow, her head nearly wrung off, was cast to the ground with great violence. The second horseman dashed along, and on passing the cow, instead of throwing his lasso merely stooped on one side, and laid the noose, which he had contracted to a small circle, over her horns. This done, the guassos turned their horses' heads and trotted back with their unwilling prize, not having been more than four or five minutes absent from the ground.

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER TIMES.

It is not in the season of infancy, when the tongue half articulates the name of "mama," in lisping accents—when the little arms are twined around the nurse's neck, in gratitude for some dainty just received—and the eye sparkles as it gazes on each novel object—in all the fervor of new born enthusiasm—that the bosom thrills with the pleasures, or throbs with the pains of memory. But a little time and the scene is changed!—in our school-day troubles, young and thoughtless as the heart may be, we feel its influence—we leave, perchance, our "native home," and the companions of our infantile sports.

The first tear of real grief now dims the eyes, as we recall our childish joys, and contrast them with the dull monotony of study and discipline. And where are the absent friends whose society may have charmed, and whose sympathy may have soothed us? Together with them, the promenade may have been past, or the volume perused—they have shared our joys and sorrows in other hours—they may have mingled with us in the festive dance—and their voices with ours may have harmonized many a leisure hour—yet still they are far away, and these scenes have vanished—but in moments of visionary indulgence these images will rise upon the fancy, at the recollection of which we "smile while we sigh, and sigh while we smile." And we may roam from place to place, new scenes will burst upon the eye—nature's charms are spread before us—the majesty of the mountain—the grandeur of the wave—the magnificence of woodland wilds—or the beauty of the grove and the grace of the rivulet, may rise upon the eye—yet while the enthusiastic spirit is revelling in haunts like these, the heart will often linger round the natal bower we have left behind—warmer hearts may here be found—fairer forms are stealing near us, yet still the thought will hover round the past, and we sigh for

"Those we've left behind us."
Remembrances like these, though melan-

sholy may be pleasing, although "joy's recollection is no longer joy." But have you lost a friend? A brother? Heard a mother's parting breath? Then, indeed, the pains of memory are cure—Oh! these will press upon the spirit at the gayest season, and spread a gloom over the happiest days. Have ye not seen the smile checked by the sight of sorrow? Have ye not seen the gloomy shade come suddenly around the brightest brow? True, indeed, "there are thoughts we can not banish," though all around are happy and joyous. And how powerful is association! A strain of music will bring some half-forgotten image to the mind, as we recognise the well known air, and think upon the one whose voice first breathed those sounds upon the ear. Did he hear the note of that songster from yonder tree? Remembrance revives with that strain: Hark! to the sound of yon distant bell, as it falls up on the ear in these romantic solitudes—"How many a tale its music tells—a glance of the eye—a tone of the voice, will recall the past, and the eyes and the voices we have known in moments that are gone. We revisit, perchance, some familiar spot, after absence has worn its recollection from the mind. It may be the classic halls that have been trod so often in the glow of youthful feeling—it may be our childhood's home, among whose bowers we have sported in times long past. But where are the forms that we loved? the bright and the beautiful, they are gone—the hand is pressed to the burning bough as these remembrances swell the heart.

"Have ye gazed upon the star of eve, or the midnight moon, without musing on 'other times?' Does not the sigh escape us in times like these, when all is silent round?

"The eyes are dimmed with childish tears, The heart is fully stirred,

For the same sounds are in the ears, Which in past times were heard."

Laws of Maine.

STATE OF MAINE.
In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven.

AN Additional ACT respecting Banks.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That from and after the passing of this Act, the aggregate of all debts due to the following Banks respectively, to wit: The Thomaston Bank, Manufacturers' Bank, Union Bank, Canal Bank, and Vassalborough Bank from the directors of said banks, respectively, severally or otherwise, as principals, indorsers, or sureties, shall not at any one time, exceed in amount thirty-three and one third per cent. of the capital stock of said Banks respectively actually paid in.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That from and after the Saturday preceding the first Monday of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, the aggregate of all debts due to any Bank in this State from the Directors thereof, severally or otherwise, whether as principals, indorsers or sureties, shall not, at any one time, exceed in amount the sum of thirty-three and one third per cent. of the capital stock of such Bank actually paid in.

Sect. 3. Be it further enacted, That no banking incorporation of this State, upon the request of such constable or collector, shall give him a certificate of the shares or interest such person shall have in such corporation, and therein express the numbers or other marks by which such shares are distinguished; and shall issue to the purchaser under such sale, such certificates, as by the by-laws of such corporation are the evidence of the shares or interest of a proprietor in such corporation.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 1, 1827.]

AN Additional ACT relating to the Inspection of Mackerel.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 1, 1827.]

AN Additional ACT relating to the Inspection of Mackerel.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That in addition to the marks or brands required to be made on casks in which pickled fish are packed, as described in the fourth section of the Act passed March twenty second, eighteen hundred twenty one, it shall be the duty of the Selectmen of such town, to cause the bricks, or the kilns so made erected or burned to be forthwith removed, at the expense of the owner or owners thereof. And the person or persons offended against any of the provisions of this Act, shall, moreover, forfeit and pay for each offence, a sum not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment or information in the Supreme Judicial Court or Court of Common Pleas, to the use of the town wherein the offence shall have been committed.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 6, 1827.]

AN ACT respecting Toll Bridges.

SECT. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That if any person shall maliciously break down, or otherwise injure or destroy the toll gate at any toll bridge, or shall wilfully injure such bridge; or if any person liable by law to pay toll at such bridge, shall forcibly pass, or attempt to pass the same without paying the legal toll, if demanded, such person shall forfeit and pay, not more than fifty dollars, nor less than five dollars, to be recovered by the treasurer of the proprietors, to the use of the corporation, in an action of trespass.

SECT. 2. Be it further enacted, That no more than two persons, and children who are actual passengers with them, not received with the purpose of avoiding the payment of toll, shall have right to pass any toll bridge, in any wagon, free of toll; and all persons over that number, passing such bridge in any wagon, shall be liable to pay toll as foot passengers.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 14, 1827.]

AN ACT additional to "An Act to prevent Frauds and Perjury."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That all grants and assignments of as well as all declarations, or creations of trusts or confidence of any lands, tenements or hereditaments, shall be manifested and proved by some writing signed by the party, who is by law enabled to grant, assign or declare such trust, or by his last will in writing, or else the same shall be utterly void and of no effect: Provided always, That where any conveyance shall be made of any lands, tenements or hereditaments, by which a trust or confidence shall or may arise or result, by implication or construction of law, or be transferred or extinguished by an act or operation of law, then, and in every such case, such trust or confidence shall be of the like force and effect, as the same would have been, if this Act had never been made; any thing herein to the contrary notwithstanding.

[Approved by the Governor, Jan. 24, 1827.]

AN ACT additional to An Act concerning the assessment and collection of Taxes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That whenever it shall be lawful for a constable or collector of taxes, to distrain the goods or chattels of any person, for the non-payment of taxes, he may distrain the share or shares of such person in any Bank, Turnpike, Bridge, Canal or other corporation: Provided, That in the seizure and sale of said property, the same proceedings shall be had, as are provided by law, when like property is taken and sold upon execution.

Sect. 2. Be it further enacted, That in the seizure and sale of such property, the same shall be of the like force and effect, as the same would have been, if this Act had never been made; any thing herein to the contrary notwithstanding.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 14, 1827.]

AN ACT regulating the Fees of Jurors.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That in lieu of the pay now established by law, for Grand Traverse Jurors, for their attendance at any Judicial Courts in this State, there shall be paid to such Jurors, for each day's attendance, as aforesaid, one dollar and fifty cents, to be made up, and paid, in the manner now by law prescribed.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 22, 1827.]

RESOLVE in reference to the Passamaquoddy Bank.

Resolved, That copies of the Report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the Banks in this State, and of the Report of the Joint Committee of this Legislature on Banks, made at the present session, and of the documents accompanying the same, be, by the Secretary of State, transmitted to the Attorney-General, that he may take such measures on the matters therein appearing, as public duty shall require.

[Approved by the Governor, Feb. 24, 1827.]

DOMESTIC.

[From the Masonic Mirror.]

WILLIAM MORGAN. The probable fate of this individual is still a matter of conjecture. Recent investigations have excited an increased interest, and in proportion as this interest is increased, so increases the ambiguity of the subject. At least, so it would seem. The reports are still vague and contradictory.

The one most credited at present is that he was taken to Fort Niagara, and there executed.

Solomon Southwick, Esq. who is said to be concerned in the success of Morgan's book, has published in the National Observer at Albany, of which he is editor, several anonymous letters in support of this opinion.

But anonymous publications are at all times of very doubtful authority, particularly in cases like the present, when the public mind is excited to irritation, and certain individuals have private pecuniary ends to accomplish. Sufficient is known,

however, to justify the belief that Morgan has been violently abducted from his family. But by whom is a matter of uncertainty. It is said that many very distinguished individuals are deeply involved, among whom are many eminent masons. We could wish that this

were not the case. But if it be, it will not be asserted by any, except those whose niggardly minds and prostituted characters will justify them in asserting any thing, that the honor of the fraternity is at all implicated, or that its members are responsible for the extravagant zeal or criminalities of a few individuals.

No sensible and high minded man

will entail the misdemeanors of a disobedient child on the whole family.

If Masons were concerned in the abduction, they acted in their individual capacity, and not as a masonic body, and are therefore individually amenable to the laws of the country.

Masons regret the occurrence as members of civil society, and as such are as ready to assist in bringing the implicated to merited punishment, as any other class of men in the community.

In fine, if we may believe the letters to which we have referred, the principal facts in relation to the case, which the investigating committee have succeeded in collecting, emanated from members of the fraternity. To place in their proper light, and to give the reader a tolerable idea of the truth of some of the puerile and ungenerous accusations brought against the institution, it is only necessary to remark, that the letters published by Mr. Southwick, state, that the persons implicated in them, acted in the authority of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States. Now,

the Chapter did not convene until the 12th of September, and the transactions occurred at Batavia on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of that month.—This then is untrue; and we wish it were in our power to say, this is the only untrue in circulation.

But unhappily it is not; hundreds of like nature are daily propagated, evidently for the purpose of prejudicing the public mind, and rendering Masonry obnoxious.

Similar resolutions have been adopted by some of the subordinate Lodges in the western part of the state, and have universally met the approbation of Masons.

But notwithstanding all this; notwithstanding the assistance the fraternity have rendered in developing the mystery which now hangs like a black cloud over this strange affair, there are those whose limited understanding, whose bigoted minds, and niggardly principles, prompt them to persecute Masonry, as an evil and disgrace to society.

They have so far succeeded in prejudicing the public mind, that in one section of the country public feeling is setting like a torrent against the institution, and threatening to bury it beneath its surges. But like the firm rock of the ocean, it will rest secure upon its own basis, while the raging billows which now beat against its small recoil and be swallowed up in their own impetuosity.

A paper published in Batavia, the scene of operations, and the residence of Miller, gives the following as his own words, in reply to a remark made by a gentleman in conversation with him on the subject. "Yes," said he, "it has turned out exactly to my wish; just as I intended and predicted. I shall make my fortune, at least; and I am not sure but I have immortalized myself. If the masons had been as cunning as I was, and understood their interest as well as I do mine—if they had paid no attention to us, and never spoken of our books, we never could have got enough for them to pay for the paper they were printed on. I was sensible of that when I first undertook it. I knew I had a great task to perform, which was both arduous and dangerous. But my situation in the world was such, and as things were going on with me, I had rather hazard my life, or even lose it, if I could do it in a way to immortalize my name, than to go on in the dog-trot manner I was then compelled to do. I told Morgan so, and that we must raise a breeze, or nothing could be made out of it. I knew I had ingenuity and talents sufficient to effect it. [Bless his modesty] I was aware of the advice and determination of the masons here, not to take any notice of it; but I was determined they should. And I knew, that by abusing, insulting and provoking them, should get them mad after a while. We could have got it out secretly, without any fuss or danger; but that would not do. I was determined to make money out of it, and I have." This then is the language of David C. Miller, a political renegade—a man who publicly acknowledges that it is his misfortune to be an atheist! and who was willing to sacrifice the life of a fellow being to his own emolument.

It would not much surprise us to learn that he is still deeper in the plot; and that those masons who are concerned in it, were of no better standing in society than himself. A man possessing his acknowledged baseness and villainy, is qualified for any thing. It appears pretty evident, from subsequent statements, signed and published, that by perjury one innocent man, at least, is now satisfying the penalties of the law by imprisonment. At the trial, Miller could not be found, and though previously summoned he did not appear. Was he not fearful that he should be compelled to forswear himself? in which case he might ultimately be detected and brought to justice.

While on the subject of the trial, we

will state for the better satisfaction of the editor of the Christian Advocate,

and for the purpose of correcting more

effectually a mis-statement circulated

by him, and to which we referred two

or three weeks since, that Judge Throop,

before whom the persons convicted

were tried, is not a mason, and cannot be accused of being too partial to the

order. We could also here remark

that Mr. Fool, who lately introduced into

the New York Assembly, a bill to prevent man stealing, is an officer of the

Grand Lodge of that state. This is

good evidence that Masons are not only

anxious to investigate the matter, but to

prevent a recurrence of similar character.

The Masonic Sanctum Sanctorum is

open to the worthy and the wise. Here

they may find an asylum, a refuge from

the storms and troubles of life. In sickness

and in health, in prosperity and in

adversity, Masonry has its excellencies,

and no man who understands it, and is

capable of duly appraising its worth,

would refrain from using it as, next to

Christianity, "the soul's best comfort."

It visits the widow and the fatherless in

their distress, the orphan and grandparent in their dependence, on our existence, beginning, reminds us of holy nature.

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THE OBSERVER.
NORWAY, MARCH 7, 1827.

heir distress. It is the poor man's help, the orphan's friend. It inculcates those grand principles which God requires of his dependent creatures, and impresses on our minds a belief of the being and existence of a Supreme Deity, without beginning of days or end of years, and reminds us of the reverence due his holy name.

Masonry, like Christianity, has its enemies, and its apostates; but abhors iniquity in every shape and form, and its hallowed current will in time sweep away all the devices, mounds and ramparts which terror can erect or wickedness oppose. The early Christians held their meetings in dens and caves, watched by the minions of tyranny—they suffered persecutions and privations, but their cause was of God, and prevailed, like the Arethusa, if it sunk into a subterranean passage, it arose again in some more favored spot of earth, to fertilize the happy region, without changing the purity of its waters, or the loveliness of the stream. Every candidate on his initiation, is charged, as a gentleman and a Mason, to be a strict observer of the moral law, and to regulate his life and actions by its precepts. In the state he is to be a quiet and peaceable subject, never to countenance disloyalty, or rebellion, but yield himself and encourage others to a cheerful conformity to the government under which he lives. The charge then, which has been recently and repeatedly preferred against the institution, that it is detrimental to society and dangerous to the well being of the country, requires no further refutation. It argues, says somebody, the utmost depravity of the human heart, to call in question the propriety of doctrines, of which persons are entirely ignorant. It is a villainous assassination of character, to brand with opprobrium a society which has stood the test of ages, as being founded on immutable laws, and teaching the principles of religion and science. It would be difficult to find friends more infamous than such characters, who attempt to destroy the reputation of brotherhood, who they know cannot, by their laws, submit their degrees to the examination of the public.

One word respecting Morgan's Book, and we have done. It is now for sale in this city. He who pleases can now read, and if a mason, judge of its correctness for himself. The price of it is but one dollar, and certainly any person desirous of becoming a Mason, will not think it dear. There is also advertised for sale a book of which this is an enlarged edition, called *Jachin and Boaz*. Of the two the latter is the best, for there is not so much of it, and consequently less trash, and the price is not probably half that of Morgan's. However, they are both before the public, and those who please can have their choice; and surely two books ought to make one Mason. The inquisitive can now be *Morganized* or *Jachin* or *Boized*, old women, antiquated maidens, and all. Distinction is at an end—the gridiron thrown aside, and "Othello's occupation gone."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We learn that the dwelling house of Alfred Gates, Esq., of Matanawcock, in Penobscot County, was consumed by fire on the night of the nineteenth of February last. The fire had made so much progress before it was discovered, that it was with difficulty that part of the family made their escape from the flames, and what adds to this distressing calamity, is, that *Vesta*, aged thirteen, and *Philotoma*, aged seven years, daughters of Mr. Gates, were burnt, together with the whole contents of the house. It will be recollected that the night was very windy and cold, and we have been informed that those of the family who had the good fortune to escape the ravages of the flames, did it in their night clothes, and were much frozen before they reached a shelter. Mr. Gates was for a number of years a resident of Paris, in this County; but removed to Matanawcock about two years since, and was postmaster at the latter place.

PIRATES. The Newburn Sentinel of the 10th instant contains the annexed statement, signed by five of the crew of the schooner Amphibious, who certify to its accuracy: The schooner Amphibious, of Newburn, Capt. Nathaniel Locker, was hauled on the 31st December last, by a piratical boat, in Saint Mark's channel, about 40 miles from Port au Prince. The boat was manned by four negroes, two of whom spoke English. The pirate was an open boat, like a market boat, with a tarpauline to cover the cargo. The weather was perfectly calm at the time.

The Captain states that he was haled about half past nine A. M. and demanded in reply—what they wanted? The pirates then asked if they wanted to buy anything—we inquired if they had any yams, "Yes we have plenty." We then requested them to come along side. One of the schooner's men told the Captain that they had a gun on board the boat, and that he had better load his double barrelled gun. He did so, and

laid her, with his ammunition, in a convenient place in the cabin. He then went on deck, and observed to his crew, "do not be afraid four men cannot take six—I can kill two of them." By this time the pirates had neared the schooner, the Captain gave them a warp, and desired his men to look under the tarpauline, to see if there were any persons concealed. Three of the negroes had their heads tied up, and the other wore a military cap; one was lying on the stern sheets of the boat, which the Captain of the A. asked if he were sick. The reply was "yes Captain." Capt. L. then said, "I hope you don't intend to take my vessel?" The answer was, "yes Captain." The Captain returned, "if you attempt it you will catch it." After this conversation, Capt. L. requested the negroes to show him five yams; but instead of the yams, swords were shown, and three of the pirates boarded the schooner at once. As the Captain was going down the companion way one of the pirates made a blow at him with his cutlass. Captain L. cried out to his crew, "keep them engaged, I will soon despatch a couple." The ruffians then attacked the crew, one of whom jumped overboard, two went into the hold and one succeeded in getting into the cabin. The villains seized a young man named Wm. Ward, of Lynchburg, Va. He was cut on his left arm and stabbed in his right. They gave him several wounds in his head. Mr. Ward called out, "shoot Captain," to which he replied, "hold on, Bill, I'll shoot directly." At this time, as a large negro started down the companion way, Capt. L. fired, and killed him on the spot, his brains scattered over Captain L.'s shoulders. One of the pirates cried out, "pardon, Captain," and made for the boat. The fellow with a military cap, who was a daring scoundrel, advanced to the companion, and was instantly shot in the breast, but did not fall. Captain L. called out to Mr. Ward, "is he dead?" He replied, "no, then kill him," and Mr. Ward struck him several times with an axe, and soon despatched him. Capt. L. again ordered his crew to keep the pirates engaged, while he reloaded his gun to despatch the others. By this time the crew of the A. had regained the deck, and seeing the man who jumped overboard, put the helm up to get him on board, which brought the schooner some distance from the boat. They now called to the Captain to come up and shoot the scoundrels who were going to kill Rodney. The Captain immediately went up, but finding the boat too far off, for the size of his shot, he did not fire. The pirates again begged pardon, made sail, and stood in shore. Mr. Rodney was then got on board, and a breeze springing up, the schooner made sail. The two swords left on board the Amphibious, and the dead bodies Captain L. threw overboard.

The pirates had on board, a port manteau, a trunk, and a secure case, which were all neatly finished.

that town, to be paid from the sales of our public lands. It is believed that this is a new principle in Legislation. If it be a correct one, there will be a fine opportunity for speculation next winter. The resolve in favor of the town of Calais was passed the fore part of the session, and in a few days another was presented in favor of the town of Pittsfield, granting to them one thousand dollars to enable them to rebuild and repair a certain bridge. This resolve passed the House, but was stopped in the Senate by the casting vote of the President. The House refused to concur with the Senate in refusing the resolve, and in a few days another was presented in favor of the town of Pittsfield, granting to them one thousand dollars to enable them to rebuild and repair a certain bridge.

This resolve passed the House, but was stopped in the Senate by the casting vote of the President. The House refused to concur with the Senate in refusing the resolve, and in a few days another was presented in favor of the town of Pittsfield, granting to them one thousand dollars to enable them to rebuild and repair a certain bridge. This resolve passed the House, but was stopped in the Senate by the casting vote of the President. The House refused to concur with the Senate in refusing the resolve, and in a few days another was presented in favor of the town of Pittsfield, granting to them one thousand dollars to enable them to rebuild and repair a certain bridge.

The conferees on the part of the Senate, appointed to meet conferees on the part of the House of Representatives, on the subject of deference between the two branches of the Legislature, relative to a resolve in favor of the town of Pittsfield, have met the conferees on the part of the House, and having heard no arguments which satisfied them of the expediency or policy of passing said resolve, and the conferees on the part of the Senate, being unable to convince the conferees on the part of the House, that the House of Representatives ought to recede from their vote and concur with the Senate in postponing said resolve indefinitely and believing as they do that it is wrong in principle, that the State should appropriate any of its funds for the purpose of making and repairing roads, (excepting over lands belonging to the State,) and that the passing of said resolve would lead to an endless number of applications of a similar nature, which would be exceedingly perplexing, vexatious and expensive, that no general rules can be adopted by which the Legislature on such applications could, with safety, be governed, and which could enable them to do equal justice in all cases; such as fixing the number of inhabitants which must reside in any town in order to be entitled to aid, or the amount of taxable property which they must possess or the number of bridges and rods of road which they are required to keep in repair, and the expense of doing it &c. &c. &c.—And believing, also, that Legislation ought to be conducted on general principles, and not with a view to particular cases. That no inducement should be held out to the town of Pittsfield or any other town in this State, to petition the Legislature for aid to enable them to repair their highways and that it would be highly dangerous to convert the Legislature into a general chancery Court of Sessions. Therefore the conferees on the part of the Senate respectfully recommend an adherence to their vote by which said resolve was indefinitely postponed.

REUEL WASHBURN, Per order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
The communication signed "D." has been received; but we decline publishing the first part of it at present, believing that the subject alluded to, will be brought up to advantage in 1828.

MARRIED, In this town, by Job Eastman, Esq. Mr. Benjamin Witt, Jr. to Miss Celia Churchill.

In New York, William Seely, Esq. aged forty-five, to Miss Sarah Austin, aged thirteen.

DIED, In bath, on Friday last, Col. John Lemont, aged 85. He was a soldier in the old French war, previous to the capture of Quebec, and was at the battles of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, he entered the service of his country as a Lieutenant, and fought at White Plains and at the capture of Burgoyne.

In Alton, N. H. Mr. Benjamin Bennett, aged 70 years.

In Hubbardston, on the 7th ult. Mrs. Lydia Allen, consort of Deacon Ephraim Allen, aged 50.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Jay.
THE proprietors of the several lots of land in the town of Jay; in the County of Oxford, hereafter mentioned, are hereby notified, that the same are taxed in the bill committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town for the year 1826, to collect in the respective sums, following, viz.:—

No. of Proprietors. No. of Lots. Range. Sols. County Tax. & Town Tax. \$ c. \$ c.

Jona. Stone, 10 5 100 150 1 07
H. Stone, 18 5 100 175 1 75
Seth Benis, East 1-2, 16 2 50 150 1 07
S. Judkins, p'd \$1,25 19 1 100 300 2 13
W. Blackwell N. 1-2 3 2 50 75 53
Part of Tainter farm} 10 6 7 55 40
owner unknown, 3

1000 lbs Bleach'd Shirts from 12 1-2 to 25 cts;

500 yds Tickings;

560 yds Gingham;

500 lbs Cotton Yarn, first quality;

1000 lbs Cotton Batting.

Portland, Feb. 12, 1827. 8w 138

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate, and of Wills for the County of Oxford to receive and examine the claims of Creditors to the estate of SIMEON FOND, late of Paris, in said County Yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months are allowed from the twenty-third day of January last for them to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will attend that service at the office of St. John Emery, Esq. in Paris on the third Saturday of June and July next at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

STEPHEN EMERY, & Comrs.
H. K. GOODENOUGH, Esq.

Paris Feb. 13, 1827. 138

ASA BARTON,

AGENT FOR THE
New-England Insurance Company,

Capital 200,000 Dollars,
continues to issue Policies at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

Norway, Feb. 1827.

ASA BARTON.

INDELIBLE INK,
FOR marking on Cotton and Linen,

for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, OCTAVO BILES, suitable for families, handsome edition and Cheap. Jan. 17.

JUST published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Rev. Mr. STREETER'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Jay, Feb. 18, 1827. 138

ASA BARTON.

Bridgewater Collection.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Dect. Thompson's celebrated EYE WATER.

Likewise—White Pressed CRAPE, and Spool FLOSS. March 7.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the BRIDGEWATER COLLECTION of SAWED MUS. 18th edition. Feb. 14.

NEW STORE.

NEW GOODS.

JOSEPH HARROD

IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive

assortment of

English, French, India,

& American

DECORATIVE GOODS.

—ALIKE—

A great variety of Common, Fine, Super

and Extra Superfine

Kidderminster Carpets,

with Medallion and Drop Figures.

VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR

CARPETS,

HEARTH RUGS,

Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—

Dutch Bolting Cloths,

from No. 4, to 12,

At the NEW STORE, corner of Ex-

change and Middle-streets.

Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. 125

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS.

B. WALES,

HAS established himself in business in this town, and has taken the store next to that occupied by MANK HARRIS, Esq. Middle-street, where he has just received an entire new and extensive Stock of

GOODS,

comprising a heavy and general assortment of Drugs and Medicines, Paints & Dye-Stuffs among which may be found the following articles—

Drugs, Medicine, &c.

Gum Opium; Tart Emetic; Calomel; Castor Oil; Columbo; Cantharides; Peruvian Bark; Antimony; Oil Peppermint; Oil Cloves, and all other Oils generally inquired for; Musk; Blue Pill; Gum Galbanum; Glauber, Rochelle, Epson and Soda Salts; Flake Manna; Gun Arabic; Phos Iron; Gamboge; Myrrh; Aloes; Rhubarb; Picra; Pink Root; Crema Taratar; Sulphur; Red and White Precipitate; Quicksilver; Guaiacum; Valerian; Wormseed; Opodeldoc; British Oil; Prusick Acid; Sperm Cat; Camphor; Magnesia; Chamomile Flowers; Croton Oil; Cold Pressed Castor Oil, by the gallon or bottle; Gentian; Iceland Moss; Oatmeal; Pearlash; Salsaratis; Arrow Root; Sago; Salop; Pearl Barley; and numerous other articles, which together with a long catalogue of

PATENT MEDICINES,

renders the assortment very full and complete.—Also, Surgeon's Instruments, such as Pocket Cases; Teeth Instruments; Lancets; Catheters; Amputating and Dissecting Cases; Bougies; Trusses; Stomach Tubes, &c. &c.

Paints, Oils, &c.

Dry and Ground White Lead; Red Lead; French Yellow; Black Lead; Stone Yellow; Rose Pink; Chrome Yellow; Umber; Ivory Black; Lamp Black; Vermillion; Glue; Venetian Red; Spanish Brown; Purple Brown; Verdigris; French Green; Paris White; Whiting; Lytharge; Pumice Stone; Rotten Stone; Drop Lake; Flake White; Blue Smalls; Prussian Blue; Blue, Purple and White Frostings; Sand Paper; Paint Knives; Paint Brushes; C. H. Pencils; White Wash Brushes; Orange Red; India Red; Distilled Verdigris; Linseed Oil; Spirits Turpentine; Copal, Japan, and Bright Varnish; Gold, Silver and Brass Leaf; Silver and Copper Bronze; Gum Copal; Gum Shellack; Suga of Lead; White Vitriol; Emery; Rosin; Dutch Pink; White and Red Chalk, &c.

—ALSO—

Broadcloths & Cassimere;

100 Cassimere Shawls;

4000 yds Brown Sheetings from 12 1-2

THE BOWER.

If he who reads the following, from Pinckney's Poems, is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it ready admiration. *Jm. Tru.*

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon:
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words:
The coings of her heart are they,
From her lips each flow,
As one may see the burthened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affection is as thoughts to her,
The measures o'er her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves, by turns,
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

A LITTLE TALE.

At a Tavern one night,
Messrs. Moore, Strange and Wright
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange.
Says Moore, "of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's Strange;"
"Yes," says Strange, rather sore,
I am sure there's one Moore,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother."
"O, yes," (replied Moore,) "that is Wright."

THE OLIO.

CLEANLINESS.

"Though she in wit and beauty shine,
A slut shall ne'er be wife of mine,"
Poor Robert.

"Well, John," said my father to me the other night, as I came from paying a first visit to the daughter of one of his old friends, who had lately moved into our neighborhood, and whom I had been to see at my father's recommendation—"Well, John, does she seem to kiss well? is she smart? and will she suit you, do you think? I have known the old man, her father, many a long year, and I know she's come of a good stock."

The kind hearted being looked up into my face with a little anxiety in his eyes, but more of a laugh in his countenance. "Why, I don't know but she does, I replied. When I got into the house, I found her paring apples, with the old lady down along side of her, in one corner of the wide kitchen chimney; so I told them who I was." "And did you not tell 'em, too, what you came for?" eagerly inquired my father. "No! let me go on with my story—where was I? Oh, in the kitchen.—Well, that's where I generally like to get. But as I was saying, I found her and mother paring a few wilted up apples—so I told 'em my name, and where I lived."—

"Why sure, said the old lady, (and opened her mouth so wide that I thought she would have thrown off the upper half of her head,) do come in and sit down by us. Here Molly, do get a chair for John. John, how do you do? this is my Molly; and I went up and shook hands with her—her hands felt as if she knew how to work; so I thought that would do pretty well. Then I sat by 'em and began to pare apples too. But I did not like the looks of things about me. Every thing looked dirty, and I thought the kitchen smelt dirty too—and I am sure, Molly's face was not clean. Thought these were trifles, yet I could not help observing them; and then Molly snuffed the candle with her fingers, and didn't wipe 'em, and went on paring apples. And she looked like a sloven, for her dress was all loose and flying about her ears—and it looked too, as if had never been washed. This I didn't like; nor I didn't like Molly's mother, for she took snuff over the cut apples, and half of it fell down into them and she blew her nose with her fingers—and I didn't like the kitchen, or any thing; so I think Molly won't do; she's not the girl for me."

"Well, John," the old man began again, "you must judge for yourself in this case. Nobody has so much

to do in a bargain of this kind as you have. If you marry Molly, you must live with her. So look well about you before you make yourself fast. A young man about to begin in the world should be cautious in so important epoch in his life; he stakes everything on the mere throw of the dice. He may think he loves the lass he intends to marry, but he ought to be sure that he loves her. So John you must remember this. You will find yourself in a miserable predicament if you link with one who has nothing to boast of but those charms which please a giddy young man. But you are not a giddy one neither; I'll say so much for you John; you are a farmer; you want a farmer's daughter—one that can take care of your house the moment she gets in it: one that can wear a sweet smiling face if things go ever so wrong. This disposition is worth all the fine accomplishments some girls possess.—You'll find it so, John. But accomplishments are well enough for accomplished men, not for a farmer's son, like you, John. Now John, don't forget this. If you don't have her. You tell a strange story about Molly and her mother. When the old woman was a young girl, she was a sweet pretty lass, and came very near to being your mother, John. But your mother as it is now, John, is worthy an hundred of them that might have been her. You should look out for one like her. But it is getting late, John, so we had better all go to bed. See that the fire is safe, John."

So my father concluded his harangue, which if it had not been eleven o'clock, and he nodding in his arm chair, might have been continued for an hour longer. But I lost not a word of it, for I always regard what my father says, as more worth hearing and attending to, than that which any other persons utter. I bolted all the doors and windows and went up to bed, and long before I fell asleep made up my mind that Molly was not the girl for me. So it is that first impressions are generally strong whether favorable or unfavorable. If Molly had looked neat and tidy, there's no saying what would have become of—

A LOOKER OUT.

CODE OF INSTRUCTION FOR LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family, the first is by the expression of that will which belongs to force; the second, by the power of mildness, to which even strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweetness of its odour; we likewise look for every thing that is amiable from woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever may be her good qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs, wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance; and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, nor read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practise virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attentions by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing, and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; in some their vanity is insufferable, never wound this vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what was just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your female friends, but a few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters, particularly if intinctual to the foregoing instructions.

10. Cherish neatness without luxury and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, and particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of your dress especially in regard to colors. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence by that which, at all times, you repose in him. Always preserve order

and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold. By these means he will find his own house more pleasant than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, tho' you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company so amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it; then he will not seek for any pleasure abroad, if she does not partake of it with him.

(From London Scientific Journals.)

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

"ALBERGO, VITRIONA, Feb. 8, 1824.

"About 50 miles from this place, are the ruins of the three temples standing together on the seashore, at a place called Praetium. We made up a party last week, and drove out to these ruins. It was cold clear weather, and the Appenines were covered with snow, but a more interesting trip we never made. The ruins are the most magnificent in Italy. In returning to Naples, on the third day, we stopped at a large sandy looking bank, on the right side of the road, about ten miles from town. The bank was that which destroyed Pompeii, A.D. 79, and we were now at the walls of that city.—There are few things so strange as a walk through the silent streets of a town, which, for 1700 years, has been hid from the light of day and the world, when the manners and every-day scenes of so remote an age stands revealed, unchanged, after so long an interval.—It would appear, that 16 years before the shower of sand and ashes from Vesuvius occurred, an earthquake had nearly ruined the town; so that the houses are roofless, partly from that cause, and from the weight of the ashes which fell. Otherwise they stand just as they were left.—The streets are narrow, but paved; and the mark of the carriage wheels in the lava pavement is evident. In Murat's time, 4000 men were employed in excavating, and so great a number of houses, perhaps one third of the town, have been uncovered; but at present, there are only 11 men and a few boys at work. I fancy the Neapolitans find the expense of giving 20,000 Austrian troops double pay a little troublesome; and so excavations must stand over for the present. The houses are all small, generally of two stories, but beautifully painted; and the figures of animals, such as horses, peacocks, &c. are as bright as that day they were painted. There are two theatres standing, and one amphitheatre, all nearly perfect; but I find it impossible to give you any idea of the wonders we saw in one walk through Pompeii. At one time we walked up a street called the Strada dei Miserantes. On either side of us the shops of Mosaic sellers, statuary, bakers, &c. &c. with the owner's name painted in red, and the sign of his shop rudely carved above the door. The mill in the baker's shop, and the oven, amused us much. At another time we passed through the Hall of Justice, the Temple of Hercules, the Villa of Cicero, and the Villa of Sallust. The only vista of three stories I observed, belonged to a man called Artius Diomedes, (his name was at the side of the door) and in the cellar, beside some jars of wine, still standing, was the skeleton of this poor fellow, found with a purse in one hand, and some trinkets in the other, followed by another bearing up some silver and bronze vases, the last supposed to have been his servant. They had been trying to escape, by taking refuge in the cellar. Many other curious things have been discovered here, and a great deal may yet be brought to light; for, from a ticket of a sale stuck up on the wall of a house it would appear that one person had no fewer than 900 shops to let. The street of the tombs is the most impressive: they are beautiful and extremely interesting.

On the 6th of this month, we made our visit to the top of Vesuvius. The ascent and descent along the lavas take about 5 hours. We had very fortunately Salvadori for our guide, who told us all about the different eruptions, &c. &c. The crater is not at all the thing I expected, but a gulf of most immense size, and one can see to the very bottom of it. I can scarcely believe what we were told, that it is 4-1/2 miles round the crater, and that its depth is 2000 feet; but it is a most horrid, magnificent sight. Here and there a quantity of smoke is seen curling up the rocky sides; but at present the mountain is very quiet. All around is a dark, black looking waste of lavas, extending to the sea;

and, near the foot, are the vineyards of the Laetaria Christi. In spite of the sad examples of Herculaneum and Pompeii, villages are sprinkled here and there, at the very foot of the mountain: and our guide told us, that one of them called Torre del Greco, had now been destroyed fourteen different times, and another seven.

The day was very clear and beautiful, and the view very fine. The country around Naples, towards the hills, is so rich and productive, that it is called the Campagna Felice; but still the people are poor and miserable."

CROSS EXAMINATION. A witness lately examined in one of the Illinois courts upon a trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant how the plaintiff generally rode?

Witness.—He generally rides a straddle, sir.

Counsel.—How does he ride in company?

Witness.—If he has a good horse, he always keeps up.

Counsel.—How does he ride when he is alone?

Witness.—Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself.

Counsel.—You may stand aside, sir,

In an action for assault and battery, it was deemed important to ascertain the size of a certain stone, by which it was alledged the battery was committed. For this purpose a witness was called to the stand, and the following brief report of his examination will show perfectly his testimony must have satisfied the jury.

Q. Did you see the defendant throw the stone? A. I saw a stone and I am pretty sure D. threw it. Q. Was it a stone of considerable dimensions? A. Why it was considerable of a stone. Q. How large was it? A. I should say it was a largish stone. Q. What was its size? A. Why it was a sizeable stone. Q. Can't you answer definitely—how big was it? A. I should say it was a stone of some bigness. Q. You are a singular witness—can't you give the jury some idea of the stone? A. Why as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone. Q. Can't you compare it with some other object? A. Why if I was to compare it, so as to give my notion of the stone, I should say as near as I can judge, it was about as big as a piece of chalk.—Troy Sentinel.

A few years ago zealous Methodist preacher, in the neighborhood of Dover, State of Delaware, had taken for his text these words: "And Satan came among them." At the moment of his reading the text, an old, deformed, flat nosed, blubber-lip'd awful looking negro, entered the meeting, and supposing he was the object aimed at, looked the preacher in the face, rolled up the white of his eye, gave a negro grin and said, "guess you grad to see your fudder come."

Such persons as are in pursuit of farms, will do well to view the premises, which, with the conditions of sale that are exceedingly liberal, will offer great inducements to attend the sale.

Also—at the same time and place will be sold, one Pew, on the lower floor, in said meeting house, and one yoke of OXEN.

(For further particulars inquire of James Starr, Jr. Esq. near the premises, or of the subscriber in Buckfield.

SAMUEL F. BROWN, Agent to the Proprietors.

February 17, 1827.

STRAY HELPER.

CAME into my enclosure one Light Red Heifer with white on her back and belly, one year old last spring. The owner is requested to prove property and take her away.

PARIS, February 26. 1827.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty seven.

ON the petition of WILLIAM MUNROE, Administrator of the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of Waterford, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the said debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred and sixteen dollars and nineteen cents, and paying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Norway, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock A.M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy:

Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

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THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ZENAS CALDWELL, late of Hebron, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to WM. CALDWELL. Hebron, January 23, 1827.

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A FARM

FOR SALE AT AUCTION.

TO be sold at Public Vendue, by license of Court, on Tuesday the 17th day of April next, at one o'clock P.M., at the dwelling house of THOMAS WINSLOW, Innholder, in Jay, in the County of Oxford,

A FARM, situated in the Centre of said town of Jay, within twenty rods of the meeting house, containing about ninety acres of Land of the best quality, on which there is a two story Dwelling house, and a Barn. This farm is a part of Lot number eight, in the seventh Range, and lies on the County Road from Farmington to Portland, and on the road leading from Jay meeting house to Paris forming a part of the flourishing Village of Jay, a healthy, pleasant, and desirable place of residence.

Such persons as are in pursuit of farms, will do well to view the premises, which, with the conditions of sale that are exceedingly liberal, will offer great inducements to attend the sale.

Also—at the same time and place will be sold, one Pew, on the lower floor, in said meeting house, and one yoke of OXEN.

(For further particulars inquire of James Starr, Jr. Esq. near the premises, or of the subscriber in Buckfield.

SAMUEL F. BROWN, Agent to the Proprietors.

February 17, 1827.

LANDS

FOR SALE AT AUCTION.

TO be sold at Public Vendue, on Wednesday the 18th day of April next, at ten o'clock A.M., at the store of OTHA HAYFORD near Hayford's Mills, in Canton, in the County of Oxford, the following lots of Land, situated in that part of Hartford, in said County, formerly called Thompson Town, viz.:

Lots No. 2 in range No. 1 } Easterly side of
Lot No. 2 in do do do 3 } Whitney Pond.
Containing two hundred and twenty two acres.

Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7, & 10, in range No. 10 }
do do 5, 6, 7, 9 & 11, in do do 11 }
do do 4 & 6, in do do 12 }
do do 6 & 8, in do do 13 }
All on the westerly side of Whitney Pond containing one hundred acres each, more or less.

Lot No. 1, in range No. 2. Westerly side said Pond—one